than a notebook filled with confessions, acts of literary repentance, and raw material for future works. In an atmosphere which had so little use for real life that Mallarme was shocked when he mistook Gidc s imaginary description of a trip to Spitzbergen for the account of an actual voyage, the *Journals* were begun as a literary exercise. But little by little-the evolution can be traced in their pages-they assumed more importance until, as Andre Malraux says, they became almost an obsession with their author, gradually drawing him from art to life, away from Racine toward Stendhal. In their present form the *Journals* record a half-century of full and varied life -and not only that of Andre Gicle. The period covered by these fifty years includes the Dreyfus case, the first World War, and the spread of Fascism and Communism. Andre Gide, though in each case a noncombatant, has significant things to say about these and other historical moments. In literature and art, however, he has occupied a position on the front line during the whole of this period and, in fact, still does so today.

But the interest of any journal remains essentially autobiographic; ultimately the journal is worth no more than the personality of its author. If this work is to have permanent value for us we must feol as Fran§ois Mauriac felt when, interrupting his reading of the *Voyage au Congo,* he exclaimed: "And suddenly I am seized, not by Africa, but by this Gide so different from what the journalists have written about him. . . .** Until we have finished the whole of the *Journals* we should remember the words Gide so often quotes: "Judge not." Even then, his *"esprit ondoyant et divers*[9] will make it difficult to seize the real personality of Andre Gide, for never has a writer seemed to hesitate, to contradict himself, and to complicate his thought as he has done — not even the great Montaigne, who first used these words

about himself. But whatever we decide about the many temperamental conflicts that produce those antinomies on which his dynamic equilibrium rests — the soul and the flesh, life and art, expression and restraint, the individual and society, ethics and sesthetics, classicism and romanticism, Christ and Christianity, God and the devil —we cannot fail to admire his genuine modesty, all-embracing sympathy, and proud independence. Nor can we fail to note, through all his transformation and growth, an unusual fidelity to his youth.

There is not one of Andre Gide's works that does not raise, over and above the particular destinies it unfolds, considerations of the most general and most basic kind. From his earliest writing to his latest Andre* Gide has been consistently concerned with man s relation to man and especially with man s relation to himself. Despite his own periodic spiritual debates (of which the most sustained gave the deeply moving *Wumqmd et* te . . . ? written between 1916 and 1919), his most constant attitude is that of the broadest humanism. It is perhaps as much